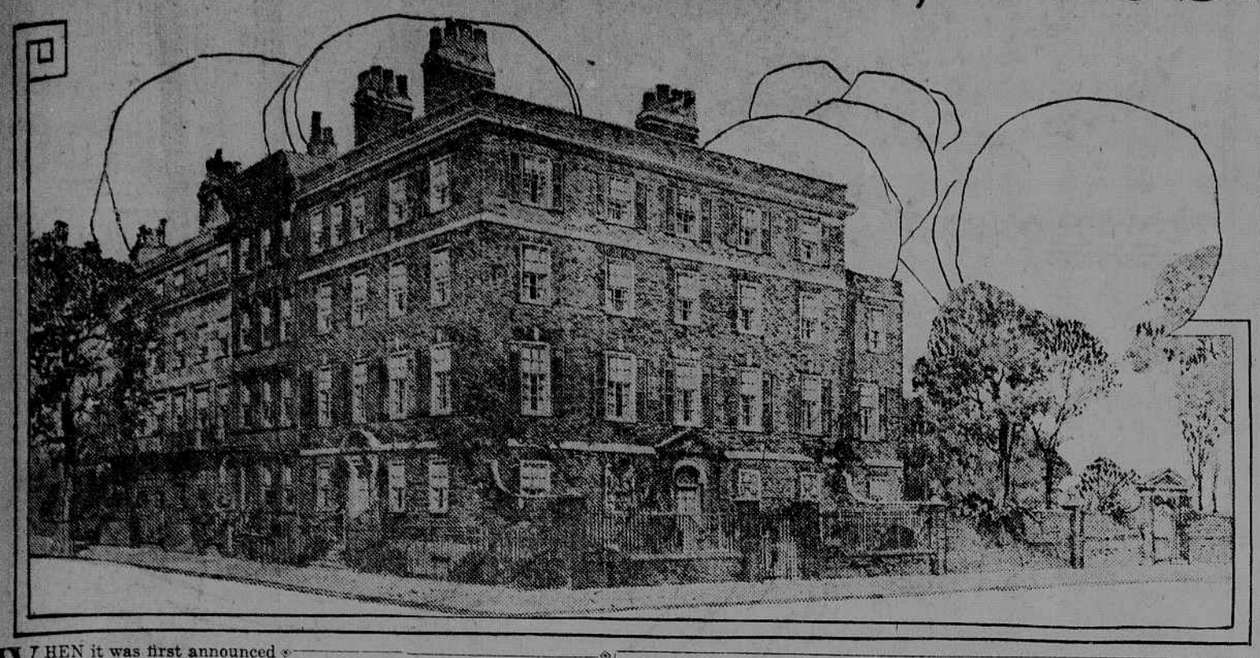
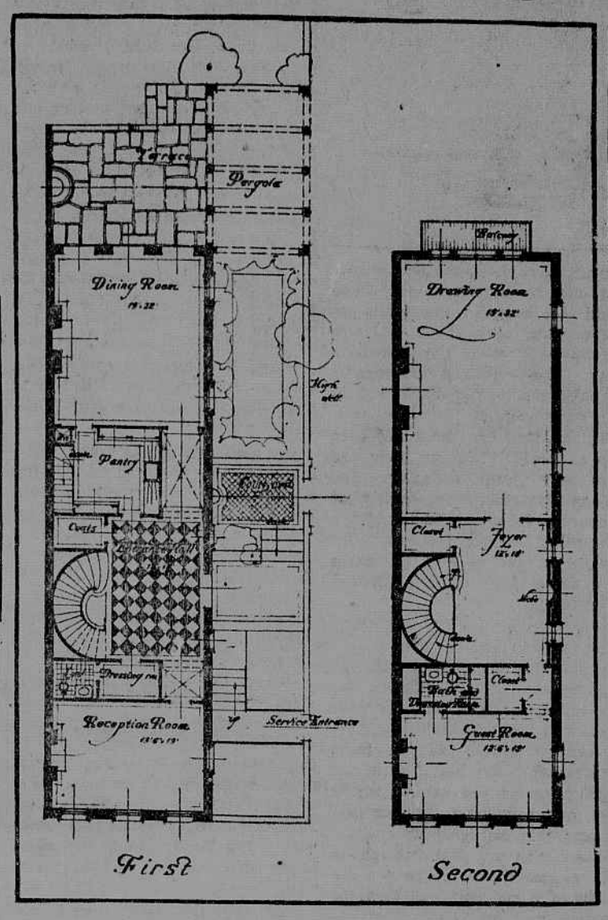
New Vanderbilt Home To Be Simple in Design and Furnishings



SKETCH drawing by the architect, Mott B. Schmidt, of corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sutton Place, showing residences of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Stephen H. Olin, adjoining it on the left



PLAN of first and second floors of Mrs. Vanderbilt's home, showing entrance, terrace and garden

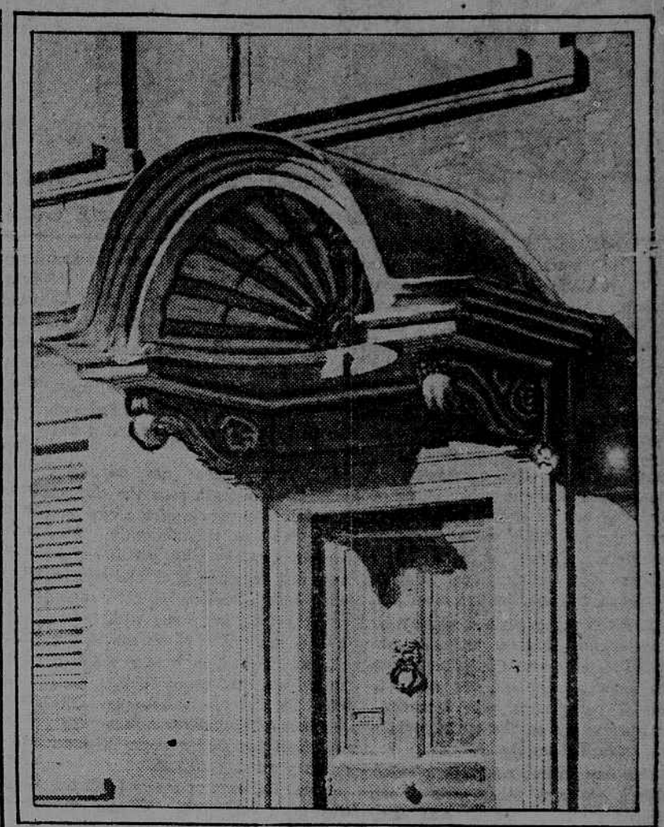


PHOTO of doorway at High Wycombe, showing carved Georgian overdoor which will be reset over the door leading from dining room to garden

WHEN it was first announced several months ago that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt intended to forsake Fifth Avenue and erect a house in Sutton Place, which is that portion of Avenue A between the Queensboro Bridge and Fifty-seventh Street, there was considerable commotion among the drivers of Burns Brothers' coal trucks, who make their headquarters on the two corners opposite the proposed site, and general skepticism on the part of the public.

"Watcher givin' us?" asked the former.

"Impossible," echoed the latter.

Curiosity was stronger than the skepticism, of course, and the public flocked over to the East Side to see for themselves. What they saw was a row of some eighteen brownstone houses, known generally as the boarding house type. There was nothing prepossessing about them. They were all alike and all fronted on Sutton Place. True, there was a view of the river to be had from the rear windows when the back yards were devoid of the weekly wash. The public came, saw and departed, unconvinced that any one would exchange an abode on Fifth Avenue for such a location.

Which might be made the basis of an Emersonian treatise on the imagination, for the public overlooked completely the fact that Sutton Place and Fifty-seventh Street are two of the broadest thoroughfares in New York and that it is not necessary to hang the wash in the back yard. Mrs. Vanderbilt and the architects were quick to appreciate the possibilities of transforming the brownstone row into a harmonious ensemble of individual dwellings opening onto back yards converted into a charming common garden and commanding an unparalleled view of the river.

An examination of the plans which Mott B. Schmidt has executed for Mrs. Vanderbilt at 1 Sutton Place gives one the opportunity to visualize what actually will be accomplished, and shows the wisdom of her decision to abandon commercialized Fifth Avenue for this garden spot on the river.

The proposed house is an informal Georgian structure to be built of the old brick of the house now occupying the site in order to obtain an antique effect. It will be trimmed with a dark-toned limestone, and ivy will be planted against the building to avoid any appearance of newness and to create an atmosphere as much in keeping as possible with the delightful old-fashioned neighborhood which Sutton Square formerly was. An attractive feature will be an outside courtyard filled with shrubbery and flowers, which will be seen through old fences and gates set in the brick court walls. There will be a brick paved terrace with curved steps leading into the garden.

The main entrance to the house is on Fifty-seventh Street, in the center of the south façade. Old iron grilles will be set at all the lower windows, and on these vines will be trained so that the morning sun will silhouette the shadows of the leaves on the floors of the rooms.

The main doorway is an adaptation from an old entrance by Sir Christopher Wren at 2 King's Bench Walk, London. This gives onto an entrance hall paved with small waxed red tile from which arises a stairway leading to the upper floors and on a slightly lower level than the adjoining rooms, so that two low marble steps will lead up to the dining and reception rooms.

In this hall will be hung an old map of Sutton Square district printed in 1835 and giving the names of various property owners, among which are listed some of the most prominent families of present day Gotham.

In the reception room, which is located at the west end of the house, will be installed an interesting old deal room which has been brought from the Forbes House, Eastgate, Gloucester. This is of early William and Mary origin and will be finished without paint, the old panels being merely waxed. It also will contain a fireplace of Italian marble faced with carved wood.

The dining room will be floored with black and white marble, and the walls will be paneled about a set of old Dutch paintings. At the far end will be French windows and old grilled gates of iron opening on to the terrace and garden beyond. Over the garden door will be placed an unusual carved wood overdoor in the shape of a shell with carved supporting brackets. This doorhead has been brought from High Wycombe, England, and is one of the most famous examples of the Georgian period. The fireplace opening will be framed with an "S" molding of Sienna marble.

The principal feature of the interior will be the living room on the second floor, which is thirty-seven feet long and is entered through an old Italian painted doorway in light blue and gold with pictorial panels. In addition to the south windows this room will have a bay at the easterly end lined with bookcases, and through the triple opening may be seen the river.

Bedchambers occupy the upper floors, with maids' rooms on the top floor. On this floor also will be situated a guests' room, reached by means of a little circular stairway, with dome and skylight above. The room has a glass door opening on to an upper deck, from which may be had a magnificent view of the river, with its changing flotilla of boats by day and its red and green lights shimmering on the water by night.

In the basement will be located the kitchen, servants' dining room, luggage room and various mechanical equipment. A unique feature will be the gas-fired boilers for heating the house which will be installed, as there is no cellar and the basement will not permit of coal bins and other accessories.

No effort will be made to furnish the house luxuriously, in which it will contrast with the present Fifth Avenue home. The furnishings will be carefully selected from the various Vanderbilt abodes, and only informal things in keeping with the type of house will be used.

The house will be completed in the fall, together with those of Mrs. Stephen H. Olin (Mrs. Vanderbilt's sister), at No. 3; Francis B. Griswold, at No. 9, and the Misses Elsie De Wolfe and Elisabeth Marbury, at No. 13, and Sutton Square bids fair to surpass the days of the early nineteenth century, when it was the center of the social activity of old Manhattan.

Homely Philosophy of the Sage of the Ozark Mountains

RUBE HELTON, who lives two punctures and a blowout on the other side of the Santee Schoolhouse, writes Frederick J. Sissman in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, asserts that life is not at all what we make it, because if we had any influence whatsoever on the making of life we would make it last longer. Rube insists that life is a non-refillable pocket with a hole in it, and that death obviously is an unavoidable tragedy, like the poll tax or a Republican landslide.

"Life is entirely a matter o' what a man wants," says Rube, the sage of Maries County. "They's ist two things a man ever hollers about—his winnin's and his losin's; and they's ist two things a man can lose—something he's got and something he wants. By usin' a little hoss sense regardin' what he wants a man can knock off half of his losin's. Take care o' your wants and your winnin's 'll take care o' themselves. Don't aggrevate yourself into an appetite for somethin' what'll lay heavy on your stummick. Thust, a man's a whole lot like a hoss—give him everything he wants and he'll founder hisself."

Justice and Verdicts

It should be noted that the official Ozark language recognizes the word "just" only as an obsolete root word. Its modern derivatives, thus, "thust," "jest," "jist," "thist" and "ist," not only cover the musical scale, but also cover many shades of meaning. The word "thust," as used by Mr. Helton, conveys a sense of the abstract, as merely or simply. As a jumping-off place it performs somewhat the same service as the English word, however. The official Ozark language produces more derivatives than any known substance excepting coal tar.

"Lordy, man," says he a bit plaintively, "I never loaded nor fired a gun nor had a lawsuit in my life. I never had to shoot a man nor knock him on the head to git the best of him. My people came here a hundred and twenty-five years ago, and they hain't one of 'em ever gone to the pen or 'sane asylum yet. Frank Farris says that there's a world's record."

For all his lack of experience in lawsuits old Rube is considered the champion of Maries County at "culling" a jury. Culling a jury means removing therefrom any man who is not known to be solidly in favor of the culler's side of the case.

"Thust, a properly culled and hand-picked jury is one o' the greatest blessin's o' the human race," declares Rube. "I wouldn't swap that kind of a jury fer the best lawyer on earth. The law's ist about the only thing on earth that can be worked all outa shape without spoilin' it. Ef people wanted jestice half as bad as they want verdicts the little spiders 'd cobweb every courtroom in Mizzoury."

When a Man Gets Too Smart

In the plain workaday affairs of life Rube assays 5 per cent initiative and 95 per cent referendum.

"Thust, makin' a success o' either booze or business is a life-time job," says he. "My people come here from Tennessee. They rode hosses and packed the beddin' and the fryin' pan on hosses. People was happy and contented then because corn was only 10 cents a bushel.

"A man could get fat on a bushel o' corn where the 10 cents would a-give him indigestion. The woods was full o' deer and turkeys, and nobody ever et beef exceptin' shiftless people what didn't do nothin' but work their crops from daylight till dark. Thust, all you had to do, to kill a wild hog, was to miss a deer or a turkey. Nowadays you've got to raise a hog ist like you was bringing up a child; and the only way you can git back the value o' the corn you put into him is to eat the hog. It's as hard to keep a good price on what you raise as it is to keep the money arter you git it. When you git up in the mornin' you've got the whole world to face; and it's got you to face. Whenever you think the odds is again you, ist remember that no one man ever run the whole world by hisself, but they's many a time when the whole world's been offerin' dead-or-alive rewards fer one man. When a man gits so smart that he can out-sharp the whole neighborhood he either runs fer office or runs fer life."

Like most Ozark men, Rube has decided opinions of his own; unlike most Ozark men, he is tolerant of those who differ from him.

Figuring What Friends Will Do

"Thust, they haint no law to keep ary man what don't agree with me from showin' his derned ignorance. A man what'll speak his opinions is a good man; but a man what'll bet his last nag in plowin' time is a good sport. Ef everybody was right all the time you couldn't no more get up a good hoss-race than you could put two drinks o' good whisky into a pint bottle. Let the other feller have his opinions. That makes hoss-trades. Thust, when you trade hosses you're ist tradin' your opinion on two hosses fer his opinion on 'em; and I've made more money thataway than I've made on anything else.

"Thust," continues Mr. Hilton, "when it comes to fulfillin' the Scriptures and bearin' each other's burdens, a good nag'll pack pounds whar a man won't pack ounces. Ef God A'mighty could git half the work out of a man that a man can git out of a hoss they wouldn't be enough people in hell to make a petty jury. A man can't keep no better company than a hoss or a dog, but the hoss and the dog can do a heap better.

"A hoss or a dog'll ist make a purty good Bible for any man what's lookin' fer the rock-bottom truth on brotherly love and friendship. Five hundred per cent o' human friendship is run fer a profit and the other 500 per cent's got to be stallfed to keep it from starvin' to death. Human friendship's got the eatinest appetite that's known to mankind. Thust, when you turn the feedbox over, the most o' your friends'll step around you like a range hoss around a rattlesnake. Ist about the best use a man can make of his eyes is to use one to watch the weather and t'other to watch his friends. Ary man what ever run a red fox out of a hen roost has got a purty good idee o' what your enemies'll do; but figgerin' what your friends'll do is a whole lot like watchin' a woman throw a rock—your safety's entirely in the hands o' God and natur."

Would Pass for an Arab Sheik

The demeanor of Rube is thoroughly that of the cavalier. He is a tall man, slender to the point of fragility, and carries himself with the rigidity of a sword blade. In the language of the Ozarks, "He walks r'ared up like a devil's hoss." His skin is brown—like a careless wash of sepia—and his black beard is obtrusively slashed with gray. His nose is high-bridged and clean-cut; his eyes are like two small, triangular, unblinking points of black light. In the burnoose of the desert Rube Helton would pass for an Arab sheik; with a slim Toledo at his side and a smart cuadrilla at his heels he would be every inch a caballero of Old Castile.

Yet, to those who consider this jaunty swagger and camaraderie as a mark of the born fighting man, a closer view of Rube Helton brings a great disappointment. There is not one mark of wickedness or cruelty in his face. The triangular eyes are there, indeed, but they are the result of that humorous bulging of the outer part of the upper lid which is so characteristic of the Indian and his cousin the Asiatic. And if there is about his face anything more kindly than his broad, high Indian cheekbones it is an ever-present smile that is at once decidedly friendly and frankly humorous. Rube Helton wins like a gentleman and loses like a philosopher.

Rube is enthusiastic in his opinion of the Ozarks.

"This is the best country on earth," says he. "People ist work less here than anywhar. A man can learn a heap here. I was borned here sixty-eight years ago and haint never died yet. I was borned in ten miles o' whar I live now, and ef I die any further away from home than that it shore won't be with my consent. People's picayunish about their money nowadays—they want it all at once and fight over a few cents. In the old days, if two men swapped twenty-acre farms and one of 'em got a good saddle to boot it was called a good profit. Lordy, man, I swapped Tom Loague a nag fer a hole o' taters once, sight unseen. The hoss died afore Tom got him home, and when I went to git the taters I found they was all froze, but neither of us ever complained one word about it."

Rube has his forefathers' belief in a supreme being. All his life he has stuck to a remarkably consistent attitude on churchgoing—he never goes at all. Yet, since he never has advocated the destruction of church houses, it must be taken for granted that he believes in the church—with reservations.

Sassafras Roots

"I sort o' doubt hell," says he. "I can't see how any concern what does the amount o' business what hell's supposed to do can keep goin' year arter year without showin' a profit fer somebuddy. I 'spect if a man does somethin' real bad they'll get him somewhar. Still, ef they soak his fer it on this side I figger that he's got a purty good case, because the Constitution clearly specifies that a man can't be tried twice fer the same offense. Thust, when I die I aim to go right up afore St. Peter and jist plead guilty. Most church members and politicians is a lot like one o' these here graphone records—ef you foller 'em around you'll find that the central p'int o' their discourse is themselves. They's ist nothin' to lots of 'em but a lot o' talk and music. Thust, ef the churches paid witness fees they'd ist be a whole lot more people testifyin' to the glory o' God. Ef a man's a good man we'll all find it out without him a'hollerin' his head off about it. Most any storekeeper's books'll give us that information. Ef some of us don't stand any stronger with St. Peter than we do with our neighbors, we'd ist better do whatever harp-playin' we aim to do while we're still over here. I've knowed many a man what could outholler a bullfrog in church and yet was so sneakin' that ef you met him on the Big Road you'd have to look twice to tell whether it was him or a fox. Ef I was goin' up to Dixon to shoot Chrischuns I'd never bust a cap on that kind of a man."

It was with an eye on religious hypocrites that Rube issued his famous threefold formula for getting rid of sassafras shoots, which are one of the pests of Ozark farms. The formula follows:

"Fustly, you move away and leave 'em.

"Secondly, you pull 'em all up, even to the teeniest root, and pour hot water into the holes.

"Thirdly, you sprinkle whisky onto 'em, and the church members'll come and ist gnaw all the bark off of 'em."

His motto for world peace is "Mind only your own business." He amplifies his view: "Thust, the best way to handle the other feller's business is to ist give it a good leavin' alone. The law don't prohibit you from pokin' your nose into your neighbor's affairs, but it does encourage the mashin' o' that nose all over your face by the party o' the secont part, under sich circumstances. Nine hundred per cent o' the people what's been hit in the jaw has been hit away from home."

The Comer

By ARTHUR TRAIN
Author of "Tutt and Mr. Tutt," Etc.

The Comer

(Continued from preceding page)

"Whew! Think of a real live man like you wasted down in a place like that!" commented Endicott. "You must be glad you left."

"I'm not so sure," replied Randolph, with a drawn face.

Endicott's eyes rested affectionately upon his chief's leonine head, with its long black locks, upon his strongly marked and still youthful features, his broad shoulders and powerful neck and chin.

"What's the matter? Down on your luck?" he asked with a smile.

"A little," answered Randolph.

"Then I'll cheer you up," he laughed. "Do you know what they say? — That you're the biggest man in New York to-day! The man with the biggest chance of anybody. A sure judge the next election, if you want it. 'A comer'!"

Randolph shook his head bitterly "You've got me wrong, Larry," he answered with a smile. "I'm—I'm eliminated."

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THERE was a lot of business to attend to in the office that afternoon, and things did not get straightened out until nearly 4 o'clock. It was well after that and almost time to close up when Pat announced a visitor—a Mr. Ketcham.

"Show him in," said Randolph. He didn't know any Mr. Ketcham, but he had a presentment—a sort of —yes, he had seen the man before somewhere. There was something in the stranger's insinuating assurance and obvious familiarity that instantly antagonized him.

"I thought I'd drop in for a little chat," said Mr. Ketcham. "I want to see you privately." He gave the slightest suspicion of a nod. "About this waterworks business."

"Go ahead," said Randolph, frowning dubiously. It was coming. He knew it. And this was the slick, smooth article sent to put it over the plate.

"By your leave," said Ketcham, stepping to the door and closing it. He moved silently and swiftly, and his face had the inscrutableness of a dried apple. Then, passing Randolph's desk, he returned to his chair and, throwing himself into it, rested his fingertips lightly together. Randolph waited, and his eye traveled from the bald head of his visitor to the imitation rubber plant and the water bottle.

Then suddenly Randolph became aware of something lying upon the polished surface of the table. He looked closer, pretending not to. There it lay, smooth and crisp and flat—a yellow-back for—yes—$20,000. He felt a quick clutch of the heart. Ketcham had gotten up and was examining the rubber plant.

Randolph set his big jaw. He glanced stealthily at Ketcham, and thought he saw the faintest imaginable smile on his face. A great rage possessed him slowly, and a deep flush mounted upward to his forehead. Muttering to himself, he leaned over and, pulling out the bottom drawer, fumbled in the back of it until he found the indictments. He was thinking as hard as ever he thought. Ketcham had returned from his saunter around the room and stood innocently by his chair. He had bought men like Carter before. Nothing ever flustered him. He knew the game from A to Izzard. He thought he knew precisely what was passing in his quarry's mind.

"Have a cigar?" asked Randolph, holding out his case.

"Don't care if I do," replied the other affably, helping himself.

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RANDOLPH stepped to the door and opened it quickly. Pat was sitting within plain view outside. The District Attorney bit off the end of his cigar, while the immaculate Ketcham fastidiously performed the same operation with a pearl-handled penknife.

Randolph with apparent unconsciousness picked up the bill, rolled it into a spill, struck a match and held it to the banknote, which slowly caught fire.

Ketcham turned pale and stepped forward with a silent gesture of protest. Then his eye caught the figure of the waiting Pat outside. The bill flamed up, crackling cheerfully, and Randolph absent-mindedly applied it to his cigar. He took a long time about it. Then the district attorney turned to his visitor and held out the fragment of blazing bill.

"Have a light?" he offered.

Ketcham stared at him stupidly.

"Have a light!" repeated Randolph more loudly, looking him steadily in the eye.

Ketcham opened his mouth to speak.

"Have a light!" roared Randolph, forcing the burning thing into his hands.

Ketcham took the bill and held it to his cigar.

"Th—thank you!" he stammered.

The district attorney leaned over and pressed a bell.

"Pat," he said in his ordinary, quiet tones, "show this gentleman out. And, by the way, tell Mr. Endicott to put the Tidewater Company's case before the grand jury to-morrow morning."

A Liner's Food Supply

SIX thousand pounds of meat are eaten in a single day, and every day, on a voyage on board the giant White Star liner Olympic in the busy season on the Atlantic ferry. The ship then carries 3,500 persons on each trip across the ocean, including her crew of 878, and long experience has shown her chief steward that a proper daily allowance of meat per person is about a pound and three-quarters. At that rate, the average total of meat taken from the refrigerators and cut up for cooking in various ways is 6,000 pounds a day.

This does not take into account consumption of chickens, which average 500 a day; nor ducks, geese and turkeys, nor 1,000 game birds consumed on each voyage, nor of fish, the latter averaging 3,000 pounds a day.

In addition to these staples, the people on board manage to dispose of 4,000 eggs daily and 480 quarts of milk every twenty-four hours. Butter is consumed at the rate of 200 pounds a day, and 2,700 jars of jam and 1,900 jars of marmalade disappear on the voyage like dew before the morning sun.

Fresh vegetables are an important feature of every bill of fare, and their consumption also is on a Gargantuan scale. For each round trip twenty-five tons of potatoes are taken aboard. They are consumed at the rate of about two tons a day while the ship is at sea—of these 600 pounds are mashed—and in proportion while she is in port, for her crew are hearty eaters.

Three tons of carrots, three tons of turnips and 2,500 heads of cabbage, weighing about five tons, also are taken aboard for every voyage. A hundred crates of lettuce, a ton of Bermuda onions or a similar quantity of Brussels sprouts are ordinary items in the ship's victualing list. When apples are ordered 250 boxes are none too many for a voyage. Grapefruit comes aboard 100 boxes at a time, and oranges in 200-box lots.

Included in the meat item of provisions for the voyage are 8,000 pounds of bacon and 2,500 pounds of hams, which are the principal salt meats carried. Lamb and mutton figure largely in the fresh meat supply, about 200 carcasses being taken on board for each voyage.

But the great staple in meat is fresh beef. It may be said that the public when crossing the ocean travels on beef. It demands meat three times a day. Whether the voyager is in first cabin or second or third, he must have his meat; and whether it comes to the table as sirloin steak, rib roast or filet mignon in the first class dining room, as plain roast beef in the second class or beef stew or baked meat in third, it is the best quality of beef that money can buy—the complete opposite of the "salt horse" served on oldtime sea voyages. The roast beef alone for a single day on the Olympic totals 1,800 pounds.

Refrigerators that have capacity for 500 tons of food are freshly filled for each voyage, and they keep everything put into them in perfect condition. Milk and cream are kept sweet for a week's voyage without the use of preservatives. Lettuce is as crisp after traveling 3,000 miles as when received on board. Fruit keeps for long periods.

Ice to supply the refrigerators is made daily, the amount required being 3,000 pounds every twenty-four hours.